
Title: dwarves and their ways

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The dwarves are a sturdy race; short, between four to five feet tall. The most distinguishing feature is the prized beard of a dwarf, generally three feet long, but stretching as far as twenty in the oldest of their kind, the length of it tucked into their armour and cloaks.

The dwarves innately are opposed to magical forces, unable to use them by nature and fearful of it's power. In runecrafting their mystics practice, enchanting their already fearfully strong weapons and armour. The runesmiths, or Rhuns as they are called, also act as the Priests and Clerics of the dwarves; The Council of Dumathoin being the highest authority on divine law. They are naturally resistant to poison and many forms of magic, and have a unique strength to other illnesses and extremities in terms of temperature. They do, however, prefer their dimly lit caverns and halls, and mild warmth.

They are first in foremost in craft. Of all races, dead and living, immortal and mortal, their ability to craft weapons and armour is unmatched. Iron, gold, and silver are their servants, and

through them they have made suits of armour for elven lords and human kings, stronger than stone, and light as a bedsheet. Mithril, of all their metals, is their most prized -- mined in the deepest reaches of Britannia, and called valorite by humans and other races, they can smelt and forge an armour strong enough to deflect any attack. A gift of mithril from a dwarf, no matter how small, is considered to be the most thoughtful gift a dwarf can give, and a sign of great respect. Second in a dwarf's mind, behind gold, jewels and formity, comes ale. The breweries of Bryn Baraz are constantly supplying the city with kegs of ale alcoholic enough to make an orc's stomach turn uneasily at the smell of it, and disgust most elves and humans. After a hard day's work of mining, however, nothing beats a tall, cold, surly Stoneheim Old.

Orcs are the most dire enemies of the dwarves, their hatred going far beyond even the first golden age. No dwarf recalls and no tome enscries what occurred between the two races, but it is a hatred that will never end.

The dwarven language, Kalazalid, is a secret tongue no dwarf rightly utters outside of the presence of his own kind. Very few surfacers or inhabitants of the Underdark have heard it firsthand, or know its laws and properties.

Also secret are dwarven names. The names dwarves use upon the surface often are nicknames or shortened versions of their true names, and a dwarf's true name is even more secret than their language. To know a man's name is to hold a great power over him is the dwarven belief. The surnames dwarves use are often given by accomplishments, or taken from their forefathers.

On their religion:

Dwarves worship four deities, chiefly, aside from their ancestors. To ancient dwarves many younger ones pray to for advice or wisdom, and they have a great respect towards their ancestors, no matter how petty. Many dwarves also believe they are all descended from one of their four deities:

Dumathoin: The Keeper of Secrets, and the chief dwarven god. He carved them from the stone of the earth, their legends say, and created the dwarves with the aid of Grungi the Smith. Most rituals are held to Dumathoin, and the Council of Rhunics is rightfully named after him -- though the Keeper of Secrets rarely reveals his knowledge and wisdom to his children, perhaps for their benefit.

Grungi the Smith: The god of forgery and mining, who according to legend took the carved figures of stone and put

them on his forge, and
sparked life in them. He
then taught the dwarves
to mine, smelt, and craft
all ores; many temples
are constructed to him,
that smiths would pray
to him for perfection in
their wares.

Grimnir the Fearless: The
warrior deity, he showed
the dwarves how to use
their axes and hammers,
and defended the first
dwarven fortress of
Gharan-az-Durathin from
the also young race of
orcs. All warriors are
blessed by rhunics in a
prayer to Grimnir, before
battle.

Valaya the Protector: The
only dwarven goddess, she
represents unity and
protection. She is believed
to've built
Gharan-az-Durathin, and
taught the young
stonelords how to build
fortresses and walls
impenetrable.
On the dwarven people:

After the Fall of
Bazadun, the clans
scattered, and adapted to
their new surroundings.
Several new races of
dwarves were born during
this time, which are
detailed herein.

Mountain dwarves: The
average dwarf, bearing
dark skin and dark hair.
They're slightly shorter
than their hill kindred,
having adapted to dwell in
the low mines and halls
under the earth. Of
arms, they prefer maces
and blunt weapons.
Hill dwarves: Fairer in
skin and hair than the
mountain dwarf, these
dwarves live in the vast

plains, in equally
impressive cities. Blond
hair is common among
them, and they prefer
crossbows and axes, to
defend themselves while
they harvest lumber in
the forests.

Duergar: Deep dwarves,
descended from Deep-Eye
and Rockwatcher Clan.
Their skin is dark grey,
and their hair nearly
white; they are malevolent
and cruel, and despite
their heritage as noble
dwarves, are oftentimes
slaves of the even more
brooding drow race.
They are equal in height
to their mountain
brothers, though the hair
on their head is often
nonexistent; and what
little they have is often
kept in mohawks or short
ponytails.

Derro: Descendants of
the thought-lost
Oathtaker, Shieldbreaker,
and Flamebeard clans, the
wild dwarves delved deep
into the Underdark after
falling prey to madness.
They hunt wildly, even
shaving their majestic
beards, cruel and cunning
despite their lack of
society or law. Their skin
is pale blue, and their
eyes bear no pupils; their
hair is often a pale
blonde or gold. They wear
leather, and are dark
creatures; too mad to be
enslaved, and too evil to
be united with their kin.

Darren: The frost
dwarves, descended from
Clan Tidehammer; they are
the only dwarves that do
not fear water for the
change it represents, and
openly sail and fish on
the waters to the north.
Their skin is pale grey,

almost silver in it's tone,
and their hair ranges
from ice white to deep
blue in colour. They are
the shortest of all
dwarven kind, ranging
from three and a half to
four and a half feet, but
sturdy and strong, able
to endure long trips at
sea.

Zhirrn: The wind dwarves
are most similar to the
elves; druidic, in touch
with nature. They fell
away from their craft of
iron long ago, and wear
robes of pale green and
brown, their only weapon
staves imbued with the
power to call thunder,
called "stormrifles" by the
other dwarves. They ride
wild bears of the
mountains, and often
speak briefly and only in
riddles. Their hair is slick
and silver, with strange
curls. They are, dark.